

The Children's Record.

A MONTHLY MISSIONARY MAGAZINE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

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All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date, \$100.00.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MISSIONS.

Price, in advance, 25 cents per year in parcels of 4 and upwards to one address. Single copies 40 cents.

Subscriptions at a proportional rate may begin at any time but must end with December.

All receipts, after paying expenses, are for Missions. Paid to date \$400.

All communications to be addressed to

REV. E. SCOTT, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

The young people who take an interest in mission schools and their teachers will be sorry to learn that one of these teachers, Miss Minnie Archibald, who went to Trinidad last autumn and was teaching the little Indian children in the Couva school, died there, far away from home, a few weeks since, after three day's illness. But though far from earthly home, heaven was as near her there as here, and angels waiting to take her to a better home. Though young, her life has not been spent in vain. I hope the readers of the CHILDREN'S RECORD, will follow her example in loving service to their Saviour wherever they may be, and that whether they work for Him at home or abroad He may say of them "Well done, good and faithful servants."

A letter has been received for the CHILDREN'S RECORD, from Mrs. J. Fraser Campbell, one of our missionaries in India. It was a little too late for this issue but our young readers may expect it in the next.

A gentle breath may fan a feeble flame into a great fire, while a rude blast would blow it out. With flickering flames of piety and dying watch-fires all around us, let us remember this.—*Ecclij. Messenger.*

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

[For the Children's Record.

TUNAPUNA, TRINIDAD, B. W. I.,

Aug. 6th, 1887.

My Dear Children:—

On Sabbath last I heard Mr. Morton telling the children at Arouca a nice little story which I am now going to tell to you.

When we were about to build the Caroni school-house about five years ago one of our Christian young men, Geoffrey Subaran, was there to assist in preparing the foundation. It is built very near the bank of the Caroni river, and the spot was covered with a tall coarse grass that grows in marshy places. Near it was a small pool to which Geoffrey went to dip water. He heard a rustle in the grass which was about three feet high at that spot. He stopped and listened and heard a clear whistle which he at first thought to have come from a bird, but after watching a minute or two he saw it was a large snake. A dear little bird came hopping cheerfully toward the place where the snake lay hidden in the grass, looking around as it came for the companion whose voice it seemed to have heard. As soon as it came sufficiently near the snake darted out and swallowed it.

Each child who reads this story is like the dear little bird, and the strong and cunning snake is Satan. You must watch and pray, dear children, that you may escape his snares.

Another lesson, and the one Mr. Morton drew from it, is this: Life is uncertain, death awaits us, we know not how soon; whatever we feel to be the right thing for us to do we should do it at once. Children must not wait till they grow up before they begin to work for Jesus; they must not even wait till next year; they should begin to-day.

Our schools are doing pretty well; at Tacarigua where Miss Blackadder now is, at Arouca, and at Orange Grove, the attendance is very good.

A little girl at Orange Grove asked her mother for six cents to buy a Hindustani First Book. Her mother asked her if she